

THE CAPE WEEKLY TRIBUNE AND THE CAPE COUNTY HERALD

Every Friday by
THE CAPE GIRARDEAU PUBLISHING COMPANY.

APPLICATION FOR ENTRY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, AT THE POST OFFICE
AT CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., PENDING.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

WHAT HAVE THE CANDIDATES TO SAY?

The campaign for the mayoralty election is just about to open. There are two candidates in the field. Mayor Kage is out to succeed himself and J. W. Phillips is his opponent.

Within the next two years, which will constitute the tenure of the incoming mayor, this city will expand and its needs for improvement will naturally be greater than they are just now. Before the two candidates enter actively upon the campaign, The Tribune believes they should let the people know where they stand on matters which are of vital interest to the city.

The Tribune is an independent newspaper, and in this as well as every campaign, it will champion the cause of the candidates who will best represent the wishes of all the people. Before the campaign is formally opened, we believe the candidates should make a frank statement of their positions upon the problems which now confront the people.

What will be their position in reference to compelling the Missouri Public Utilities Company to carry out its franchise with this city?

What will be their policy in reference to furnishing facilities for disposing of city garbage?

What will be their policy in reference to widening and extending Main street?

What will be their policy in reference to improving Merriweather street?

What further ideas, if any, have they with reference to improving civic conditions?

The Tribune will print in full the candidates' answers to these questions. Men who aspire to the highest office in a city of Cape Girardeau's dimensions, should make a confident of the people.

THE NEAR TRAGEDY AND ITS WARNING.

The fortunate escape of the passengers who were in the street car which left the track and plunged toward the river, should be a lesson to the operators of the street car company. To attempt to coast down a steep hill with cars not properly equipped is to court disaster. The rattle trans should be turned South at Spanish street, instead of attempting to make the perilous curve on Main and Broadway. The track should have been given a liberal coating of sand yesterday, but it would have been exceedingly dangerous to run down the Broadway hill with the cars not adequately equipped with safe brakes.

The passengers who underwent the thrilling experience owe their escape from death to good fortune. The tragedy that was narrowly averted would have cast odium upon the city, because it would have been held jointly to blame for permitting such conditions.

BISHOP TUTTLE AND PROHIBITION.

The Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, Episcopal Bishop of St. Louis, and one of the best-known prelates in the United States, has issued a strong statement against prohibition. He brands national prohibition, as well as a law that makes a state dry, as un-American.

Bishop Tuttle has previously gone on record against laws intended to destroy personal liberty. In addition to being opposed to the principle of the law, he says just what everyone knows to be true—that prohibition does not prohibit.

The Times, published in Montgomery, Ala., a prohibition state says:

"In many counties of Alabama—four-fifths of them, we may say—we have prohibition, and in the other fifth, open saloons, and, we venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that as much whiskey and beer are sold in any one of the four-fifths as in the one-fifth."

Sure. It has been so in Maine for seventy years. Prohibition never prohibits. It merely substitutes contraband whiskey for tax-paying whiskey, the bootlegger for the barkeeper, and outlawry for legality.

The fanatic has no qualms either of conscience, or politics. Failing to carry his crazy point in one way he seeks another. What to him are a representative system of government and constitutional limitations if they interfere with his purpose to compel everybody to do as he pretends to do? How many of these pious prohibitionists shy at a saloon and then go down in their own cellars and use a funnel? Cape Girardeau is not immune in this regard. No other city is. Wherever you find prohibitionists, you find men who drink from their own liquor cabinets and then eat cinnamon and cloves by the wholesale to hide their acts from dry men who are guilty of the same offense.

Prohibition makes cowards of men, even though it did what its advocates claim for it. Wherever local option or prohibition laws prevail, all kinds of liquor is sold. It may be contaminated, but it is sold just the same. Tennessee, which virtually has a state-wide prohibition, may be used as an illustration.

The Memphis News-Scimitar says:

"An important fact is that under local option, the counties that vote out liquor consume as much as those which do not. We cannot conceive of a clearer admission that prohibition is a failure. It certainly is an admission that prohibition resulting from local option is a failure."

"But if this is a failure, why should we expect success from prohibition imposed by state or nation?"

"If a law backed by public sentiment cannot be enforced, one not backed by public sentiment certainly cannot be. Laws are enforced by counties. Offenses must be tried in the county in which they are committed. If the people of a county vote liquor out, the sentiment of the men who elect sheriffs and other county officers as well as the men from whom juries are drawn, favor the enforcement of the law. If they can't enforce it, we do not see how anyone could expect its successful enforcement in communities on which the law was forced—communities that elect county officers and furnish juries not in sympathy with the law."

Any man who can think, knows that argument is true. This scheme for prohibition is merely an attempt to rule city and county, state and nation through the spy system, and insure larger audiences and bigger fees for the Robsons, the Bryans and Billy Sundays of the chautauqua circuits.

Meanwhile, the word in Missouri is burn down the distilleries and blow up the breweries, and double the farmer's taxes, in order that a few jackleg fanatics may dance the can-can on the graves of personal liberty, while a million bread winners throw out of work tramp the streets begging alms to feed and clothe four million women and children.

Bishop Tuttle is right, he knows he is right and there are a host of other ministers in this country who believe just as Bishop Tuttle does, but they are minus a Tuttle spine.

CAPT. BRIDGES AND WHISKERS.

Harry W. Bridges, Cape Girardeau's representative in the State Legislature, has reached the conclusion, after two weeks in that body, that the General Assembly is more of a nuisance than a benefit. The public has been under this impression for a great many years, but it is refreshing for a member of the Legislature to make a confession.

"If a man desires to know what is the matter with the country, all he has to do is to attend a session of the Legislature," writes the Captain to The Tribune. That statement is as true as Holy writ.

A Punch and Judy show is more sores compared to the average Missouri Legislature in action. As a rule the State Senate is composed of representative men, but the lower house usually resembles a convention for the preservation of whiskers more than it does a law-making body. This may be responsible for the fact that a great many of our laws reflect more moss than mind.

Many counties in the state will not select a man for the Legislature unless his chin carries enough stuffing to fill a mattress. We have never been able to believe that sound law is founded upon whiskers, and we believe a majority of the voters in this county will second this motion.

We have no quarrel with hirsute appendages, but we are opposed to too many of them being in either branch of the Legislature. Cape Girardeau's Representative has long hair, but he has never permitted his beard to more than sprout. When whiskers grow long enough to harbor microbes, then we contend that too many of them under one roof ought to be declared a public nuisance. And when Capt. Bridges brands the present Legislature a nuisance, we take it for granted that his thoughts run along the same channel as ours, and that he refers to the Legislative whiskers rather than the personal of the statesmen who own them.

If Capt. Bridges can succeed in preventing the passage of all the bad laws that are conceived behind these breastworks of human hair, he may rest assured that his constituents will never turn down a clean shaven candidate for a law-bearing man.

CAR JUMPS THE TRACK, ALMOST GOES IN RIVER

Passengers, Imprisoned, Terror Stricken as Coach Rolls Down Steep Incline.

HITS CURB AND STOPS ON BRINK OF RIVER

Front Vestibule is Shattered, and Victims Climb Unavail Out Of Wreckage.

A runaway street car, in which six people were imprisoned, barely escaped plunging into the Mississippi river yesterday afternoon. After tearing down three electric light poles, almost a hundred telegraph and telephone wires, the coach swerved from one side of the street to the other and then crashed into the cement curbing on the east side of the Frisco railroad tracks and was brought to a stop just on the very brink of the river.

The car was running at high speed when it struck the curbing, and the impact shattered the front vestibule and two front wheels. The momentum hurled the front platform of the car into the solid cement, which formed a clutch and probably prevented the coach from turning a somersault over the precipice and into the river.

Five passengers took the wild plunge down Broadway, but none was hurt. But while the car dashed headlong toward the river, those aboard tried frantically to force open the doors and escape. The exits were securely locked, which fact is believed to have prevented serious injury. Had the passengers succeeded in opening a door, it is believed they would have been knocked down and run over by the car.

It was street car No. 5, in charge of Motorman Ben Hinkle, and was coasting east on Broadway slightly east of the Presbyterian church when it got away from Motorman Hinkle's control. It rolled down the hill, gathering speed with every revolution of the wheels, and when it struck the curve at Main street, the momentum forced it off the track, and sent it rushing toward the river.

The women passengers, realizing the danger, became panic-stricken and screamed at Motorman Hinkle to stop the car. He applied the brakes and worked heroically to check the speed of the coach, but it continued uninterrupted. He was at his post when the car, within ten feet of the river, crashed into the wall of cement and was brought to a sudden halt, with the rushing water so near that it could be heard whipping the curve in the levee.

Motorman Hinkle was almost buried in the debris of the collapsed vestibule when he realized that he was safe. The front doors were forced ajar by the impact and he walked out, uninjured, but white from fear.

The imprisoned passengers, almost terror-stricken emerged from the wreckage and hurried through a great crowd of men and women that had gathered almost instantaneously to offer assistance.

Miss Myrtle Dunn, a teacher in the Broadway school, boarded the car at the corner of Broadway and Lorimer street, and in relating her experience to a representative of The Tribune, said:

"I saw that he had lost control above Spanish street, and when he screamed I watched the car go across the tracks, and when it came straight across and down this street, I knew he would likely go into the river."

"I rushed to the front platform and attempted to open the door, but it would not yield. When I turned to look for some other means of escape, I discovered that the other passengers were directly behind me and I was unable to change my position."

"I felt sure we were going into the river, and when the car struck the curbing the door was forced open and I was thrown out. I think one of the children behind me was hurled to the ground."

"I was not hurt in the least, but I was terribly frightened."

Mrs. M. E. Lessem, with her two small children, Joe and Edith, were also on the car, and were on the front platform watching for an opportunity to escape through the door. None of them received any injuries, except that the little girl, Edith, was almost in a state of nervous prostration for several hours from fright.

Richard Fish, a Normal student, attempted to escape by rushing to the doors to the back platform, and in his efforts to get through the doors, bystanders who saw his actions, stated that in his frantic movements he fair-

DOG DERAILS HAND CAR, TWO ARE INJURED

C. H. Clairborne and H. B. Berry, Frisco Officials, Hurled Into Ditch.

MACHINE SPEEDING AS CANINE IS KILLED

Gasoline Car Enroute To Chaffee, Jumps Track, But Laborer Doesn't Lose Post.

H. C. Clairborne, superintendent of the Frisco, and H. B. Berry a civil engineer, had a miraculous escape from death late yesterday afternoon, when a gasoline speeder on which they were enroute from the Cape to Chaffee, struck a dog just on the outskirts of the city and was derailed.

Berry saw the dog a few moments before the machine struck it and leaped from the speeder. The momentum of the car hurled him headlong into a ditch and rolled over and over. He was badly injured and for a while it was believed that his left leg was broken.

Mr. Clairborne sustained serious bruises and cuts, but his injuries are not considered permanent. When the car struck the dog, the machine left the rails by taking a long plunge. It tipped from one side to the other, but did not overturn. Clairborne, however, lost his equilibrium and fell from the speeder.

A laborer who was with Berry and Clairborne, remained at his post, and was uninjured. He assisted the two victims to the car after he had succeeded in getting it back on the tracks. The car proceeded to Chaffee, where the injured men received medical attention.

The machine derailed is very similar to a hand car, but is propelled by gasoline instead of a pump operated by hand. It runs on the railroad tracks and can attain a very high rate of speed. The men left Cape Girardeau for Chaffee shortly before 5 o'clock, and as they pulled out of the railroad yards, the machine began to increase its speed.

The road is especially good for several miles south, and the speeder was true to its name as it bore down the road toward Chaffee. The party was just approaching the curve which passes a short distance in front of the home of Peter Cooper, a farmer. A shepherd dog, belonging to Cooper, discovered the machine speeding down the tracks, and raced to meet it.

The dog secreted itself in the middle of the track to await the approach of the car. Just before the coach sped down upon it, the dog elevated its head, and Berry knew that it was going to be run down and jumped.

When Berry jumped, the shepherd became frightened and attempted to flee. It was struck just as it was bounding across the track and instantly killed.

ly climbed the perpendicular walls, to drop back and repeat the attempt.

Motorman Hinkle stated that he could not control the car. He said that the track was slippery, and that the sanding attachment on his car was either ineffective or was not working. He tried to use it, but the wheels continued to glide, and despite all his efforts to check its speed, it gained momentum rapidly, and in a few seconds was hopelessly beyond control.

Roadmaster Price stated that he had personally seen that the incline had been salted a short time before, and that Mr. Baker, the man who was working under him, had gone to get a bucket of salt to use on the hill when the accident occurred. The salt had melted the snow, and it was the intention to apply sand to prevent it from becoming slippery.

The car was almost a complete wreck. A large section of the roof was torn away, and the entire front end was demolished. Springs were broken and axles so badly bent that they were rendered useless. The entire floor was torn up, and the sections which had formed trap doors in the bottom of the car were thrown into the seats. When the car was entered after it came to a stop the whole floor was open, and it is believed that had the passengers remained inside instead of rushing to the platforms they would have been ground through these openings and thrown under by the wheels.

A number of pedestrians barely escaped being struck by the runaway car.

F. L. Fulbright, a Main street merchant had started to walk to the levee, and just as he reached the corner at the Terminal station, he saw the car coming, and not having time

Cape Girardeau Wins Next Commercial Club Meeting

I. R. Kelso is Re-elected President of Federated Organization and Allan H. Hinchey Secretary—Big Farm Products Show and Exhibits Will be Held Here in October.

The meeting of the Southeast Missouri Federation of Commercial Clubs, held in Caruthersville yesterday, was attended by more than 200 men, and about 125 ladies.

About 66 people from this city attended the convention.

The executive committee met at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

I. R. Kelso was re-elected president of the Federation; Gilbert Ashcraft of Poplar Bluff, vice president; A. H. Hinchey of Cape Girardeau, was re-elected secretary, and E. F. Burton of Sikeston was chosen treasurer.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Prof. W. W. Martin, addressed the meeting, and was followed by Alex. Robertson of the Missouri-Pacific and Iron Mountain system, whose subject was "The Railroad and the Community."

More than 200 people attended the banquet, which began at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, and was held at the Majestic Hotel.

Judge J. S. Gassom officiated as toastmaster, and music was furnished by Miss Naeter's Ensemble Class and the Caruthersville orchestra. The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. R. L. Ward of Caruthersville and was responded by Rev. Jas. A. Murtaugh of Cape Girardeau.

An interesting talk entitled "Review

of the Past and a Look Ahead," was delivered by President I. R. Kelso.

Cape Girardeau was the location chosen at which to hold the Products Exhibit of the Federation next October.

The meeting adjourned at about midnight, and a short time later the Cape delegation had started on its return trip, arriving in this city at 5 o'clock this morning.

One of the features of the meeting were the five-minute talks. Those who spoke were:

W. S. Randall, vice president Poplar Bluff Club; T. R. R. Ely, president Kennett Club; W. H. Stubblefield, Jr., Cape Girardeau; Alex. Hilton, vice president Frisco; Mrs. A. H. Hinchey, president Women's Clubs; Ed. P. Crowe, president S. E. Mo. Press Association; Corley Overall, editor Citizen, Campbell; E. D. Gillen, president Caruthersville Club; Miss Ida Shilling, Domestic Science, Cape Normal; H. B. Deyr, Farm Adviser, Sikeston; Chas. E. Bragg, Caruthersville; J. H. McPherson, president Cape Club; G. G. Shepard, Caruthersville; Seth Babcock, Agricultural Department, State Normal; P. M. Malcolm, president Sikeston Club; C. O. Biggs, president Dexter Club; G. N. Stille, secretary Charleston Club;

GERMAN WRITER DESCRIBES WAR

Berlin, Jan. 17.—A German journalist serving in the Kaiser's aviation corps on the battlefields of France, sends a vivid description of a spirited battle in the air in which he participated. He was decorated with the Iron Cross for the bravery he displayed in this spectacular conflict.

"The weather was miserable during the last weeks," he writes. "We had rain, snow and fog. The air was very unfavorable for aviation. Gusts of wind made it difficult to navigate and gave one a feeling similar to seasickness."

"However, we kept up our practice and tried to do as much damage as possible to the enemy. Our opponents were very daring and I must give them credit for the bravery shown in their flights above our ranks. They were not afraid of our batteries and managed to escape the hail of shots directed at them."

"So we decided we would have to fight them in the air. We organized a system of espionage and one day we received word that five machines of the enemy had arisen in the neighborhood of 'A' and were coming our way."

"At a moment's notice we got our machines in positions, the motors were whirling and in intervals of one-half minute each we rose in the air."

"Immediately we took our course in the direction of 'A' and tried to reach a great height than the French, determined to send them to the ground. We were armed to the teeth, so to say. We not only carried bombs, but also machine guns."

"In the neighborhood of 'A' we saw the French machines cruising. Machines of the single and double decker type were flying around in open formation taking observations of our positions. As we were flying in close formation it seems they did not recognize how many we were. So they went for our first 'taube' in a body."

"But this little 'dovey' ducked and

to run around the corner, he stepped into a window that has a deep casing, and when the electric light pole at the corner was broken off, it fell back toward Mr. Fulbright, and came so near him, that it brushed his sleeve and knocked his hat off his head."

The car after leaving the tracks at the corner of Broadway and Main ran up onto the sidewalk along the north side of the Buckner-Ragsdale building, and when it struck, the pole at the corner, a large section of the walk was torn away at the same time that the pole was broken off.

This is the second time that No. 5 has run away on the Broadway hill, and about four years ago, figured prominently in a serious accident while crossing the C. G. & N. tracks, when struck and turned over by a locomotive.

The Broadway hill is regarded by all car men as a dangerous section of track in bad weather, and many accidents have been narrowly averted on that particular stretch.

T. C. Hays of Newton, Kan., transacted business in this city yesterday.

rising again sent a shot at one of the French double deckers which seemed to put its propeller out of commission. At least, we saw the ship gliding gracefully down to the earth."

"In the meantime we had made ready for business and now began a fight of one machine against the other. The French tried their best to get above us in order to drop bombs upon us. But we frustrated their game by following them up higher and higher."

"I saw my colleague, Lieut. M. about 600 yards to my left, finish his adversary. He must have received injuries, for he went down like an arrow. The second one was also put out of business very soon."

"Then came my own air my companion's turn. A powerful double decker was firing furiously at us. A great number of bullets cut holes in our canvas wings, when my companion signalled to me with his arms to make a sharp turn to the left."

"Our apparatus came to an almost perpendicular position sideways and then our machine gun began its deadly work. Within to seconds the enemy's machine began to shake and shiver, then it rose like a horse on its hind legs and finally it turned a somersault, going down very fast, head first. When we looked around again the rest of the enemy, two machines, were in full flight."

"In the meantime we had been discovered from below. They opened fire upon us and we had to rise higher in order to get out of their range. Still we were determined to reply to their greetings. We circled above 'A' and dropped a number of bombs which did good work, as we could observe with the aid of our field glasses. First the gas works were hit and blown up. Then we attacked two railroad stations and left them a mass of debris. I am sorry to say one of our machines was forced to land, but as a whole, our expedition was a huge success."

"When they offered to sell some of the articles to a local junk dealer, he recognized some of the pieces, and advised Ben Vinyard, who has the property in charge. Mr. Vinyard had the boys arrested, and placed in jail to await their hearing which probably will take place this morning."

F. A. Gerkin, a coffee salesman of St. Louis, was in the city yesterday calling on his trade.

Edgar Wolsey returned yesterday afternoon from Eldorado, Ill., where he has been visiting his mother for several days.

R. W. Hilt of St. Louis, is in the city on a business connected with the International Shoe Co., and while here is the guest of his old friend, Patrick Murphy.

J. B. Brewer of Cairo, is a business visitor in this city.

J. L. Kirkpatrick of Charleston, is in the Cape in the interest of a correspondence school.

H. A. Mayo of Lithium, was in the city yesterday on a shopping trip.

BOY, 14, IS RUN OVER BY BIKE AS ELDER HOLDS HIM

Rudy Leeds Badly Injured By Schoolmates—Bicycle Passes Over Face.

CHILD IS CONFINED TO BED WITH INJURIES

Head Lacerated and Injury To Throat Prevents Him Eating Solid Food.

Rudy Leeds, a 14-year-old school boy, was seriously injured Thursday afternoon when he was seized and held by one of his schoolmates while another rode a bicycle over him.

Rudy attends the Broadway school and was just leaving the grounds after school was dismissed for the day when he was overtaken by the larger boys.

His head was lacerated and his face and body covered with bruises as a result, and he is now confined to his bed. His throat is so badly swollen that he cannot eat solid foods, and has been compelled to exist on liquid nourishment since the afternoon of his assault.

His father, Joseph Leeds, when interviewed by a Tribune representative at his home at 314 South Middle street, last evening, said:

"When Rudy came home from school Thursday evening he was weak that he could hardly talk. One side of his head was covered with blood, and his face and throat were puffed and swollen."

"When he first reached home he was so weak and was suffering so much that he could not tell me what had happened. The Sullinger children brought him home and they told me that a boy by the name of Simpson had run over him with a bicycle."

"Later in the evening Rudy told me that while he was playing on the school grounds earlier in the afternoon, the Simpson had tried to run over him with the wheel, but that he managed to keep out of his way. After they had left the school grounds and started home, he said that a bigger boy out of the seventh grade caught and held him and let the boy on the bicycle run into him. Rudy did not remember much after that until he regained his senses, but one of the Sullinger boys told me that the handle bars of the bicycle struck Rudy in the temple and knocked him down where he laid in a senseless condition for several minutes."

"Early in 14 years old, but has been sick all his life and is a very delicate looking child and does not appear to be more than 9 years old. He is in the sixth grade and his teacher's name is Miss Williams."

"I have not made any complaint at the school as I did not want to excite my boy by having him talk about it until he gets stronger and feels better. He suffered so much that I went to a doctor Friday and told him about the boy's condition, and while he did not come to see him, he is sending medicine."

Mr. Leeds is employed as an engineer at the Matteson Paint Mills in this city.

NEGRO BOYS ARE ARRESTED

Charged With Stealing Brass Siered In Baptist Church.

Claud Dunn and Curtis Adams, two negro boys, were arrested yesterday afternoon, charged with stealing brass that had been stored in the old Baptist church building on North Lorimer street.

When they offered to sell some of the articles to a local junk dealer, he recognized some of the pieces, and advised Ben Vinyard, who has the property in charge. Mr. Vinyard had the boys arrested, and placed in jail to await their hearing which probably will take place this morning."

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